SAWDUST

MAY—1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 5

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

LIFE'S TEST . . .

"There's only one method of meetin'
life's test:
Jes' keep on a-strivin' an' hope for
the best;
Don't give up the ship an' quit in
dismay;
'Cause hammers are thrown when
you'd like a bouquet.
This world would be tiresome,
we'd all get the blues
If all the folks in it held jest the
same views;
So finish your work, show the best
of your skill.
Some folks won't like it, but other
folks will."

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

•

RUDIE HENDERSON
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SAINZ
CRUZ SAINZ
O. H. HONERLAH
AMANDA LASKY

•

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

•

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

•

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

ANOTHER 4 YEARS AND FOREVER?

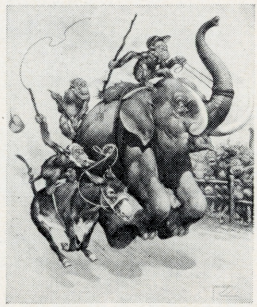
The history of the past interests us only in so far as it illuminates the history of the present. James Madison, 4th president of the United States and perhaps the most highly educated, the most brilliant to ever occupy that position once said:

"A dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the mask of zeal for the rights of the people . . . than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for firmness and efficiency of government. History will teach us that the former has been found a much more certain road to the introduction of despotism than the latter, and that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their careers by paying an obsequious court to the people; commencing demagogues and ending tyrants."

We can hardly believe it, yet it is true. The total federal payroll today in man power equals the striking force of 220 infantry divisions (a division runs from 15,000 to 18,000 men). The entire Nazi combat force is established at 330 divisions. We therefore have almost enough man-power holding down soft Washington jobs, many of them useless and many more actually holding up the war effort, to lick the German army.

Little wonder they are in no hurry to win the war. They "planned it that way".

Through the extension of the New Deal subsidy and the New Deal Federal grant, the functions of the 48 states have been usurped, and the bureaus, commissions and agencies of the centralized New Deal Federal Administration have taken over. In only ONE state in the Union, West Virginia, do state employees outnumber Federal. In Florida there are 12 Federal employees for every ONE state employee, and in Georgia there are 13 for every one.



Who do you suppose was the well known figure in public life who said this in New York, November 5, 1932: "The fate of America cannot depend on any one man."

You guessed it.

And, in 1940 in Cleveland said F. D. R. of the 3rd term: "When that term is over there will be another President."

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Clairvoyance

Am sending you a list of plumbing fittings that you may send me on your next truck down here. Hope that you can make it out. I can't.—P. M. Burroughs. Inyokern, Cal.

● **Prevailing conditions are not conducive to our continuing in a mesmeric trance. Recently a lady asked for a can of brown paint "the same shade as a cup of coffee I had this morning at Johnny's Cafe." We asked her whether it was with or without sugar and cream.—Ed.**

Customer-to-be?

How proud I am to be honored as one on your mailing list . . . I don't know what the subscription price is. Let me know . . . —Mrs. C. J. Griffin, L. A., Cal.

● **For subscription rates turn to front cover.—Ed.**

Reminiscency

"Strictly Personal", March SAWDUST, kinda brought back memories of the past to me. Also made me rather homesick to see you and Tom.—H. H. Henderson, Brazil, Ind.

Trend?

Am on my way north . . . Next Inyo Register of Voters will list me as a Republican. Horrors!—R. D. Loundagin, EM 1st Class.

● **Seaman Bob Loundagin was formerly Chairman Inyo County Democrat Central Committee.—Ed.**

Solace

Lou says "Where in Hell is the sun?" While it "looks like rain" it's only cloudy, and as I tell him if he was in his native state of Pennsylvania he could be blown away with a tornado.—Mrs. L. D. Owen, El Cerrito, Cal.

● **And in Inyo County he could be bitten by a side-winder.—Ed.**

Grumbler

For your dirty little magazine that has lost its tone: Three different women's description of a gentleman—

(1) A patient wolf.
(2) (Censored.)
(3) A man who straightens out your slacks after he gooses you.

—A. E. Twohy, L A., Cal.

● **Remember what happened to ESQUIRE? Besides why make homelife difficult?—Ed.**

White Man's Democracy

Negro troops being shipped through El Paso, Texas, were barred from the Harvey House restaurant at the depot and given cold handouts. They could see German prisoners of war seated in the restaurant and fed hot food.—TIME.

● **Who's better? An American Negro expected to die for his country, or Hitler's Gestapomen? Apparently this is the government's answer.—Ed.**

Lamellibranchiata

Are mountain oysters (April SAWDUST) similar to the midwest's fresh water mussels?—Mrs. T. D. G., Chicago.

. . . Which is required. A fishing or hunting license?—F. L., Trona, Cal.

What in the world ARE mountain oysters?—Mrs. C. A. L., Los Angeles.

● **Mountain oysters are quadrupedal testicles.—Ed.**

SILVER JUBILEE . . .

The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Company concludes its first quarter century of service.

Thanks . . .

. . . to the residents of Lone Pine who 20 years ago accepted a four-eyed Hoosier in their midst at his face value until he should prove himself otherwise.

. . . to Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Wheelock, who 16 years ago advanced funds for acquiring our first financial stake in the Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Company.

. . . to the memory of the great and good Monsignor John J. Crowley whom we have endeavored to keep faith in fulfilling our assurance that his former property would be utilized in a manner that would be a credit to the community he loved.

. . . to so-called "Big Business", the lumber mills, manufacturers, wholesalers and jobbers, who on the whole have proved their desires in extending "little business" a helping hand.

. . . to the other so-called "Big Business"—our larger customers —who have proved they have no prejudices in giving "little business" opportunities to sell: The American Potash & Chemical Corp; Trona Railway Co.; West End Chemical Co.; Golden Queen Mining Co.; Macco-McKittrick & Morrison; U. S. Vanadium Corp.; Sierra Talc Co.; Darwin Mines; the E. L. Cord interests; California Electric Power Co.; etc.

WILL HE BE AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE?

. . . to our hundreds of other friends and customers, large and small, upon whose patronage we are dependent for whatever success may come to us in the future.

. . . and, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Walter Dow, now of Whittier, who had an ideal 25 years ago and worked unceasingly 21 years to make it a reality. That same ideal would have never been fulfilled without their honest efforts and intelligently applied energies.

25 YEARS OF SERVICE BENEATH MAJESTIC RAMPARTS OF THE SIERRA-NEVADA

RETROSPECTION

EL CAMINO SIERRA 9 MILES NORTH OF LONE PINE NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO

Barely 14 years have elapsed since an all paved highway reached Lone Pine and Owens Valley.

Barely 20 years have elapsed since balloon tires ventured on the market. Then a balloon tire scarcely was more than 4.40 in diameter.

High pressure tires, virtually but a rubber rim on large diameter wheels, jolted over the corduroyed roads of days gone by.

Motorists invariably carried a spare axle in the tool box. "Pete" Aigner's old Mt. Whitney Garage inventoried tons of springs for all makes of automobiles. Gabriel snubbers found a ready market in this area as they prevented broken springs to some extent.

Progressive pioneers such as W. Gillette Scott and G. W. Dow, advocating paved roads, were handicapped by those who fought against them. And it was not always the Southern Pacific Company.

After the highway had been paved into Owens Valley, a Bishop business man (still doing business) glumly bumbled to this writer as he witnessed his favorite fishing holes trespassed and profaned by tourists: "Paved roads have been the ruination of Owens Valley!"

Could it be?

IN THE FIGHT . . .

Lt. (jg) Wm. J. Bauer

I'm still on the same old rock, but life has slipped into the groove of routine, so much of which seems to be necessary to fight a war. Things like letters from friends and family loom larger and larger on the horizon of importance under those circumstances. Tell Bob he has it on me. With what we laughingly refer to as the "haircuts" we get out here, my head looks like "a boiled egg surrounded, not surmounted, by a pile of hay".—FPO., San Francisco.

Lt. George W. Savage, USNR

Damn it, fellow, how's about a real honest to gawd letter. I am enjoying my new duty here as officer in charge of this naval activity on a small but importantly located atoll. I have bumped up against a lot of new experiences and problems—not the least of these having to do with construction.—FPO., San Francisco.

Major Roy L. French (Retired)

Friday I had to belch at the Whittier Rotary luncheon. On my way out, it dawned on me that Walter Dow was a Lion. So I asked my host to 'phone him, and with but a few moments notice, Walter came, sat next to me, and held my hand to give me courage. Nice visit with him. I detect a dissatisfaction with the current national administration in him. Could it be?—Los Angeles, Cal.

—SD—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . . .

Thanks to Ione Stephens for our new mast-head picture, both photos for "Silver Jubilee" and the portrait of Jimmy-the-Red; and to Allan W. Ramsey for the flooded highway photograph in "Retrospection".

CANDID CAMERA . . .

With set jaws, clenched right fist and cast iron skillet in left hand, the above pictured individual threatened to flatten your photographer 17 years ago when the above picture was shot at his mess kitchen in Darwin Wash.

Three years previously he had been Von Stroheim's chef and valet on location in mid-summer in Death Valley, filming "Greed".

But he was better natured than he would lead you to believe. In Darwin Wash we marveled as he called lizards to lunch. Large and small they came scurrying by the dozens to accept his choicest tidbits of potato peelings.

COHEN AT THE BALLET

One night heppens I'm henging around Moscowitz' delicatessen witt loose ends when a frand is hending me, free, a pess to de ballet. I'm knowink nottink from ballet, but I'm in de mood and de price iss right. So gradually I'm arrivink de theatre and hup iss goink de coitin. Onto de stage iss comink out, mincink on tippytoes, gradually, a goil, dressed 40 degrees younger dan spreeng, in noddink but a semple blue crepe de cheney. In de program iss sayink de goil's name is Danseusey. Her foist name is Premiere. In back each laig looks like she's carrying New Englandt boiled dinner. She's runnink here, she's runnink dere. She's afraidt something! When soddenly comes jomping on stage, a fella. He's wearink nottink but a second hand leopard. De boy's name is Adagio. Soddenly de goil Dansuesey, is seeink Adagio—so she's hidink. So help me! On de stage is not wan sinkle foiniture, but she's hidink. Behind nottink! Adagio iss lookink. In de exact middle de stage she's standink yet, but he's not seeink her. De dope! Soddenly he's seeink Dansuesey. He's making a tarrific jomp at de goil. He wants! She's jompink away. She **dun't** want. He ronnink witt jompink witt grebbink. He wants! She's ronning witt leapink witt dodgink. She dun't want. He wants. She dun't want. So, he starts chasink de goil at eight toity-five. I'm leavink tan twenty-five to catchink train. I'm steel not knowink how he came oudt! —Alco Valve Co.

THE PIDDL

A farmer's dog once came to town.
His Christian name was Pete.
His pedigree was two yards long,
And his looks were hard to beat.

And as he trotted down the road,
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner;
His work on every tree.

He watered every gate-way,
And he never missed a post.
For piddling was his masterpiece,
And piddling was his boast.

The city dogs stood looking on
With deep and jealous rage,
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of the age.

Then all the dogs from far and near
Were summoned with a yell
To sniff this country stranger off,
And judge him by his smell.

They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail,
Their praise for him ran high.
But when one sniffed him underneath,
Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelt him over one by one;
They smelt him two by two;
And noble Pete in high disdain
Stood 'til they were through.

Then Pete, to show the city dogs
He didn't care a damn,
Walked into a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions;
He piddled on the floor;
And when the grocer kicked him out,
He piddled on the door.

Behind him all the city dogs
Decided what they'd do;
They'd start a piddling carnival,
And see the stranger through.

IDDLING PUP

They'd show him all the piddling posts
They knew about the town,
Then started off with mighty winks
To wear the stranger down.

They called the champion piddlers
Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes hold a piddling romp
Or have a piddling show.

They sprang these on him suddenly,
When half way through the town.
But Pete just piddled on and on,
And wore the champions down.

For Pete was with them every trick,
With vigor and with vim.
A thousand piddles more or less,
Were all the same to him.

So he was piddling merrily,
His hind legs kicking high,
While others hiked their legs in bluff,
And were piddling mighty dry.

On and on Pete sought new ground
On which to lay the dust,
'Til every dog went dry
And gave up in disgust.

But on and on went noble Pete
To water every sand-hill.
'Til all the city champions
Were piddled to a standstill.

Then Pete, an exhibition gave
Of all the ways to piddle.
Like double drips and fancy flips,
And now and then a dribble.

And all the time the country dog
Did never wink or grin.
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

The city dogs said "So long friend,
Your piddling did defeat us."
But no one ever put them wise
That Pete had diabetes.

INGENUOUS . . .

Intended writing long before this, but the incentive really got me this evening when I fished out of my desk . . . (Jan. SAWDUST). It is a copy that I certainly appreciate more than any and one I shall always keep. The article entitled "Strictly Personal" was exceptionally interesting. Don't recall that I ever saw the class-picture before. You seem to have a better memory than I have for most of the group. I remember a few, especially Lillian Crews, the girl with the checked hair-ribbon—a later flame of mine. You should remember Helen Sager, just behind Bob Sanders, and the boy behind her, Gordon Austin. Don't know what became of them. Believe Austin is in Florida. Lillian is still in Effingham, married to some pill there. She turned out to be a beautiful girl as did all the Crews family. Howard Parker is still in Effingham and is an attorney with his father. Bob Sanders is head of a big booking agency and handles orchestra bookings for Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Dorsey, and many others, and has offices in Hollywood, Chicago and New York.

Surely would like to see you again and take another fishing trip, but guess those are out for the duration.

Not a damn thing to do down here, can't get good whiskey even in Nogales.

Be sure and keep me on SAWDUST'S mailing list. I don't want to miss it.

—Dr. Ivan F. O. Jones,
Tucson, Arizona.

Wallpaper

May 1st., trout season again. Where else is the season formally opened by the closing of public schools? . . . In reflecting upon the seizure of Montgomery Ward's it gives us pause to think that when F. D. R. took his oath of office (three times) he promised to uphold the Constitution . . . And furthermore, they never carried John L. Lewis out . . . Ernest F. Lasky's April furlough was thoroughly enjoyed by his family and friends . . . The lumber mills have been granted an increase by OPA of $6.50 per thousand feet on common boards for ninety days. Anyone want to make a bet that the "ninety days" will not continue on and on? . . . Arthur Twohy of Los Angeles, upon reading this writer's Indiana reflections in March SAWDUST, mailed us a copy of the Sept., 1936, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, containing 59 pictures and an article entitled "Hoosier Haunts and Holidays". Thanks! . . . Art also mailed us a page from the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Nov., 1907, containing advertisements for home motion picture machines and electrical trains . . . Eve was the first New Dealer. She took an apple that didn't belong to her and divided it with underprivileged Adam . . . Former Lone Piner Halstead McCormac is now Minister of Music at the Kenwood and Wilson Streets First Methodist Church in Glendale . . . As an employer we try to remember that the hired help has to put up with us, too, and nine times out of ten that's no picnic either . . . That was a grand crowd at Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ruiz' 25th wedding anniversary last month . . . And speaking of Mose we nominate him as the most handsome boy in last month's full page picture of Lone Pine's Elementary School in 1905. For the girls, we choose the late June Spear . . . We have attended many of the elementary school's May Day exercises and operettas, but this year's was the most colorful in our opinion. The discipline of the kiddies during the full hour's program was particularly noteworthy . . . Lee Fitzgerald recently argued with us relative to hauling rates to the Cerro Gordo mine in years gone by. "I'll show you my books," Fitz argued. Then upon reflection, added, "That is, if I can find them." . . . Ed Attaway recently opined to this writer that he had to join a church, but was unable to decide which one. We asked him why, and he glumly commented that he had played poker the previous evening and it had made a Christian out of him . . . How sweet the world would be if everybody adopted the rule to never speak anything he or she

wouldn't sign his or her name to . . . There's something to being mechanicaly gifted. Have you seen Frank Krater's home-made mechanical lawn-mower built from an ordinary pusher type? . . . After battling with ration points for months on end, Charlie and Connie O'Clair finally disposed of their Sierra Cafe, and two days later meat points were suspended . . . Persons inquiring for non-existant appliances at our store are unknowingly getting their names jotted down in a book. When we again receive allotments they are to have the first opportunities to make selections. Shall we include your name? There is no obligation . . . It's certainly difficult to become acclimated to all these sailors out here on the desert. They of course are largely from the Inyokern Naval Base . . . For genuine paternal affection you'll go a long ways to find one more devoted than Lee Meyers for little Lee Ann . . . Uncle Sam is now truly Uncle Shylock. Marble-playing youngsters are taxed 1c on each 5c just to take a ride on a merry-go-round . . . There is a difference between death and taxes. Death doesn't get worse every time Congress meets . . . Orchids to the students of the local High School for their pictorial review edition of PINE NEEDLES. The local printery, the same one that prints this publication, again demonstrated that for artistic work it is head and shoulders above the average country shop . . . Guy Martin has been nursing a vinegaroon unable to climb out of a bath-tub on display in our store. Hope one of our esteemed customers doesn't start petting it . . . Regulations governing the food trade now fill 7,280 pages, approximateing 15,000,000 words. Whoinell can remember that many words? These rules must be obeyed to the word, or else! . . . An average of 20,000 spoons, knives and forks disappear every month from Washington, D. C. cafeterias. Let's see, Washington is populated largely by Bureaucrats, isn't it? . . . As evidence that Washington doesn't even know there is a war going on, read the following clipping: "M_____, lovely screen star, and two United States Senators were seen in a fashionable cafe **lurching** together" . . . She was really a welder, but my, how she could bolt down the food! . . . It is a bit heart touching to see such boys as Phil Baxter and Don Miller home on furlough after a couple of years in the Army or Navy. There is obviously a feeling of being lost with most of the familiar faces missing of those their age . . . The war time drabness of Main Street is beginning to disappear with Platt's new meat market, Ed Seymour's attractive new furniture store, and Johnny Morris the new tenant in the once famous Mt. Whitney Cafe . . . Local Lions and their ladies celebrating 14 years of continuous service with Bishop club members and wives at an appropriate banquet was a high mark. Any organization hanging together for 14 years in this man's town really has something to be royally proud . . . After six months absence, ex–Lone Piners Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow were certainly welcome visitors in April . . . Bob Bryerton recently commented: "There's a woman down at the _____ that swears as good as I do, and by Gawd, that's tops!" To which we meekly add—Amen!

CHALLENGE . . .

The following is extracted verbatim from the General Provisions of the War Production Board, Subchapter A of Chapter IX, entitled "Part 903—Delegation of Authority", Directive 26, and pertains to the jurisdiction of the War Food Administrator over retail lumber yards:

(d) The War Food Administrator is authorized to inspect the books, records, and other writings of retail lumber dealers to determine their compliance with Order L-335 and with Priorities Regulation so far as it is necessary to carry out the authority delegated by this directive.

(e) The War Food Administrator may exercise the authority delegated in this directive through such officials of the War Food Administration, including the County Agricultural Conservation Committees, as he may determine.

(Signed) **S. W. ANDERSON**
Program Vice-Chairman

Are we to have ersatz food?

Insofar as "the books, records, and other writings" of the Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. are concerned, we have nothing to conceal. Sales, Franchise, and Income tax auditors will undoubtedly verify the statement that our "books, records, and other writings" have been freely opened to them at all times.

However, we predict that the Food Administrator, members of the War Food Administration, or Agricultural Conservation Committees, or affiliated groups, will encounter considerable difficulty in peaceably fulfilling any such authorization to examine "the books, records, and other writings" of our business. We consider our records matters of our own personal affair.

Nor do we conceal the fact that as individuals, we bathe frequently. That, too, we consider a matter of our own personal affair.

At the prevailing pace of Executive Boards running our businesses and personal affairs, it may well be presumed that it will not be long until the War Food Administrator, the War Food Administration, the County Agricultural Conservation Committees, or perhaps the Gasoline Ration Board, may be authorized to make an inspection of the manner in which we bathe so that it may be ascertained whether our methods are in "compliance" with prescribed regulations relative to rinsing one's genitals.

—SD—

JIMMY-THE-RED . . .

By request we offer a portrait of SAWDUST's mascot, Jimmy-the-Red. Contrary to various opinions he is not a symbol or a bit of fiction. He comprises 36 pounds of energy that would shame a dynamo.

Now in his ugly-duckling stage (his mother hopes), his fiery red hair has at 6-years of age bleached to a dubious rust.

BUREAUCRATIC METICULOUSNESS

In his Mining Journal, published at Phoenix, Editor Charles F. Willis says that a story is going the rounds of an attorney who called at the RFC office in regard to a loan for a mining client. Upon being informed that the loan would be granted if title to the property was good and sufficient, the lawyer returned to his office.

After exhaustive work he ran the title down to the year 1803 and sent a rather voluminous but most accurate abstract of title by mail to the RFC, along with an application in proper form for the loan. After several months' waiting he received a letter from the RFC reading as follows:

"Dear Sir: We received today your letter inclosing application for your client, supported by abstract of title. Let us compliment you on the able manner in which you have prepared and presented the application.

"Your abstract clearly demonstrates that you are not without ample experience in this line of your profession. We have observed, however, that you have not chained the titles back of the year 1803 and, before final approval can be accorded the application it will be necessary that titles be chained back of that year."

The attorney perused the letter in utter disgust, profaned rather profusely, called his secretary and dictated the following letter to the RFC:

"Gentlemen: Your letter regarding titles in Case No. 198156 received. I note you wish the titles to extend further than I have presented them. I was unaware that any educated man in the world failed to know that Louisiana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803.

"The title to the land was acquired by France by right of conquest from Spain. The land came into possession of Spain by right of a discovery made in 1492 by a Spanish-Portuguese sailor named Christopher Columbus, who had been granted the privilege of seeking a new route to India by the then-reigning monarch, Queen Isabella.

"The good queen, being a pious woman and careful about titles (almost as careful, I might say, as the RFC), took the precaution of securing the blessing of the pope of Rome upon the voyage before she sold her jewels to help Columbus.

"Now it is commonly accepted that God made the world, therefore I believe it is safe to presume that He made that part of the United States called Louisiana, and I hope to hell you're satisfied."

—SD—

It Has Happened Here

To the last paragraph of "Advertisement of the Month" (April SAWDUST)—"No, you can never be president, Peter—but your children can!", I would add: "If you live in one of the twelve states that it seems must have a monopoly on the brains, initiative and ability of the nation; those states that have a majority of the votes in the Electorial College—that archaic relic of 1787 under which we still elect our presidents. And, remember Peter, the candidate who receives the most popular votes MAY lose the election.—G. O. G., Independence, Cal.

—SD—

Is a lorgnette a dirty look on a stick?

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

An old Negro, father of 16 children, was being lectured by the doctor for having so many offspring. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rastus," said the doctor.

"Indeed I is," said Rastus. "If it happens again, I'se going to hang myself."

Before long, the doctor was called to Rastus' home, and sure enough, another visitor was expected.

"Rastus," said the doctor, "what are you doing here? I thought you would hang yourself if this ever happened again."

"Indeed I did, doctor. An' I done took a rope, put it around my neck and threw it over a limb. Den, would you believe it, just as I was about to jump off dat stump, I said to myself, 'Rastus, you better be careful here. You might be hangin' an innocent man.' "

—SD—

He ordered two dozen roses to be sent to his beloved on her twenty-fourth birthday. "A rose for every precious year of your life," his card read.

The florist threw in an extra dozen since the young fellow was one of his best customers.

And the wedding hasn't occurred yet.

—SD—

The Tennessee boy was asking so many questions about world affairs and the chances of the Democrats in the coming election that the visitor was curious.

"Don't you have any newspapers down here?" he asked.

"Oh sure, we got newspapers all right, but the Republicans won't read 'em to us."

Hitler to Tojo (on phone): "Heil, Tojo. I thought you would be in America in three weeks."

Tojo: "So solly, Adolph, where you phone from? Moscow?"

—SD—

Cose, Ah ain't sayin' Ah won't do,
Des whut mah country wants me to,
But deys one job dat Ah fo-see
Ain't gwine to 'tach itse'f to me—
Uh-uh! Not me!

Dass dis heah airplane stuff—no, boss—
Ah'll bar some uddah kine o' cross,
Lak drive a mule er tote a gun,
But Ah ain't foolin' 'roun' de sun—
Uh-uh! Not me!

If Ah mus' do a loop-de-loop,
Let mine be 'roun' some chicking coop;
It ain't gwine be up whah de crows
Kin say Ah'se trompin' on dey toes—
Uh–uh! Not me!

Hit sho look sweet, Ah don't deny
To go a–oozin' 'roun' de sky,
But dats fo' folks whuts in de mood
To pass up love, an' gin, an' food—
Uh-uh! Not me!

Down heah Ah fust saw light o' day;
Down heah is whah Ah'm gwine to stay;
Folks, Ah don't keer to have mah feet
Git too blamed proud to walk de street—
Uh-uh! Not me!

So Ah'll des wait til Gabrel brings
Dem good ole-fashioned angel wings;
Den, as Ah pass dem airplanes by,
In pity Ah'll look down an' sigh—
Uh-uh! Not me!

—Wm. Herschell.

Jenny's Gift Shop

"Everybody is 1-A with me!"

Scenic Views . . . Post Cards
Souvenirs . . . Bric-A-Brac
Orders taken for Flowers
Greeting Cards
Daily and Sunday Newspapers

Mt Whitney, 14,496 ft.

LONE PINE, CALIFORNIA

Give Her the Love Gift

That Whispers

"Forever"

A million maidens yearn for a LANE . . . the gift that promises the home of her dreams . . . that whispers of happiness . . . a symbol of Love *everlasting.*

As Advertised in **LIFE**

Buy More War Bonds

This Modern Chest with LANE automatic tray

39.50

LANE Cedar HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME